

# *My Seasons*

I was sitting at home bored,  
Tired of computer games.  
I wanted to go for a walk,  
But it looked as it's going to rain.  
I was upset with the weather  
Playing games with me.  
My computer world never ever  
Does the same to me.  
With a click, I'll create summer,  
With a click, I'll create fall.  
I can design spring and winter  
Using Photoshop.

I looked around absently  
And saw my teddy bear,  
And I recalled the time,  
When I was five years old.  
In early Christmas morning,  
My lovely sister Polly  
Came sharing a secret  
About Santa's visit,  
Who came to me directly  
From a village in North Pole.  
He brought my teddy bear  
And Mommy – skirt black flare,  
A leather jacket – Daddy  
And Polly – and doggy Freddie.

We played and danced together:  
Me, sister, Mom and Dad,  
And everything was real:  
The tree, the gifts and pet.  
And outside was snowing  
And twinkling little star,  
And magic of that Christmas  
Forever stamped in my heart.

I want to have for real  
My summer, full of joy,  
And happy loud splashes  
Of children in a pond.  
The roses smell delightful,  
The berries on the glade  
A little girl's sand sculpting  
With brother's helping hand.

In fall, a color's splendor,  
A net of rainy days,  
An orange little pumpkin  
And trick-or-treat hooray.  
The table on Thanksgiving,  
With turkey on the plate.  
My relatives and family  
Enjoying all of that.

In spring, grass appearance,  
Commotion of birds,  
A ringing stream's excitement,  
And flooring snow drops.  
A lily of the valley  
That covered forest path,  
And smiley face of Polly  
Just watching flying kite.

I've understood a simple thing:  
That nothing can replace a real world,  
Which I can see, touch and feel,  
And where I am not alone.

–Alexandra Mishina